# ÆSOP IN EUROPE.

OR A

General Survey, of the present Posture of Affairs in,

| | |
|---|---|
| England, | Hungary, |
| Scotland, | Spain, |
| France, | Portugal, |
| Holland, | Savoy, |
| Germany, | Italy. |

By way of

FABLE and MORAL;

Adapted

Suitably, to the circumstances of Each Kingdom.

To which is added, an Encomium, upon the Memory of the late Prince of *Hess D'armstadt*.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Blue Ball*, in *Ave-Mary-Lane*, 1706.

# THE
# *Epistle Dedicatory.*
# TO
# Mr. James Wallace.

*THe great disaffection, that (I know) you have for Complements, has ingag'd me to reserve my Flattery for some other Patron. I shall therefore decline the modish way of Dedications, and forbear to dissemble; For tho' our modern Poets have found that Flattery and Dissimulation, are the two best expedients, to accomplish their ends amongst the Quality; yet I am sensible it wou'd prove nauseous to a man of your disposition.*

*I am induc'd by two Motives to Petition for your Patronage, at this instant. First; I have observ'd the great delight you take in Reading any thing that is morally honest; and from thence concluded I could never have a better opportunity to express my Gratitude, than by Dedicating this composure to your perusal. In the next place, I am indebted to the fruits of your industry, for my present Health. For being very much disor-*

der'd in my body, about six Months ago, for want of a due circulation of my Blood, I had recourse to your unparallel'd Elixir. And by taking a dram three or four Mornings together, found such an unexpected alteration in my earthly Fabrick, that in less than a weeks time I became as lively and brisk as an old Gouty Sinner newly come out of a Hummum, or a Squeamish-Lady that had been two Months at the Bath.

I must therefore in justice, publickly own, that I believe 'tis the richest Cordial, for purifying the Blood, (and for several other things) ever made extant. But an Encomium upon this head, wou'd be altogther insignificant. For it has worthily acquir'd so good a character amongst the Gentry of this Kingdom, that to tell 'em of it's admirable qualities, wou'd be unnecessary; since I question not but the greatest part of the Nation, have experienc'd it to their Satisfaction.

But to return to the matter in hand. I have here presented you, with a few Observations of my own upon the present circumstances of Europe. And must desire you to overlook the idle flirts, and vain expressions, that are incident to a Poet. I am so far from being of the temper of a Pharisee, as to think, I merit no Reward; and therefore expect none. If it meets with acceptation, I shall have my desire, and shall be as well satisfy'd, as if I had receiv'd a considerable gratuity,

from

*from a person never so much dignify'd or distinguish'd.*

*I have nothing more to say, but wish you health and a long Life, and to beg leave to Subscribe my self, (according to the old thread-bare custom.)*

SIR,

Your most humble,
most obedient Servant.

*N. R.*

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To

# To The READER.

THe Printer tells me, 'tis as uncommon (now a days) to see a Pamphlet without a Preface as 'tis to see a Town-strumpet without impudence, or a Court-Lady without Patches; and whoever dissents from the way of the World, in a Publick concern, renders himself a laughing-stock to the Criticks of this Age, who will shipwrack his Credit, for deviating from an unwarrantable custom. For my own part, I have as great an aversion to prefacing, as a foot Souldier has to mount the wooden Horse; for what can be more absurd, than to make a long preamble, to coax the Reader into a great opinion of the Subject; which is just like an Inn-keeper's bespeaking his Guests approbation of their Fare, before he tells 'em what they have for Supper.

But since it must be so, that a man had as good be hang'd as refuse to conform to the humour of the Age, I am oblig'd to say thus much in my own behalf, That there is nothing in this following Miscellany, but (if rightly construed) will occur to the interest as well as to the information of *Englishmen*. I



question

question not but I have provok'd the indignation of our Coffee-house Polititians, in exposing their Reflections upon State-affairs: And I'll be guilty of so much Tautology, as to tell 'em in the Preface, as well as the Moral; that their open Censures upon Publick transactions, has, and does daily prove prejudicial to the *English* Constitution.

There's nothing can be more contagious, than to hear a parcel of Superanntuated *Mahumetan-Topers* canvasing the News; making every little Mildemeanour in a General, or a Commander, an argument to question their Courage, or their Conduct. I would ask a considerate man, whether it is not inducive, to Spirit the vulgar into a disrespect of our Officers abroad, when a pack of decrepit Sophisters are suffer'd to censure their Proceedings at home. They are a sort of second-hand Fighters, that love to quarrel with nothing but the News-papers; And we may justly hit 'em i'th teeth, with the reproach of *Ovid. Metam. Lib.* XIII. Where Speaking in the person of *Ajax*, he banters *Ulysses* for his cowardice after this manner.

*Tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis,*
*Quam pugnare manu* ——.

I may expect likewise to be traduc'd, for hinting at the insatiate Pride, of Merchants and Citizens-Wives, in their Apparel, and

Furniture.

Furniture. But I can produce a Thousand Commissions of Bankrupts, and as many Affidavits from *Ludgate* and other Prisons, in my own Vindication, who will unanimously concur, that the Ambition of their Helpmates, and the vanity of their Daughters, have occasion'd their misfortunes.

But however, we may excuse 'em a little, when we see 'em mimick'd, and rival'd in Pompous Habits, by their own Chambermaids: Nay the very Cook-maid, tho' she handles nothing but the Mop, and Dishclout all the Week, shall be tuck't up on a Sunday in her Tinsy or an old Metamorphos'd Silk Gown as fine as an Alderman's Daughter. Thus the degeneracy of the Age is manifest in the profuse Ostentation of these Animals; therefore reflections upon this Head cannot be thought unnecessary.

As to what I have said concerning the *Scots*, I hope will meet with approbation from all true *Englishmen*. And what I have writ relating to other Kingdoms, I leave every impartial Man to his own opinion. If I have had the good fortune to displease any of the *French* King's well-wishers in this Pamphlet, I wou'd desire 'em to take it patiently; for I dont know which way they'l go to work, to get Satisfaction.

ÆSOP.

# ÆSOP IN England &c.

## FABLE I.

### *Of the two Weasels, and the Boar-Cat.*

TWo Weasels had once got an Egg by a Wile,
But they could not agree in dividing the Spoil:
For the that had venture'd her Neck thro' a Wall,
To purchase the Booty wou'd needs have it all.
The other stood grumbling, and said 'twas but fair;
That (as being her Comrade) she shou'd have her share.
Alledging whenever a Pick-pocket dives,
He that bears, does as much as the other that heaves.
However the first wou'd not hear the proposal;
But fully resolv'd she wou'd have all, or lose all;
Which the latter refusing, they agreed (the true Force,
(Since Words wou'd not do) to decide it by Blows.
So at it they went, with much valour, and vigour,
As subtle as Bull-dogs, as fierce as a Tyger;

No murmuring noise of ill usage was heard on,
No crying Pocami, or begging of Pardon.
And who shou'd come by, at that instant of time;
But a Cat,—(you may swear it was rare Sport for him)
Fight on, (thought old Sly-boots) retiring unseen,
When you've fought for your share, I shall come in for mine;
And then fell a laughing to see the Cubs strive,
In his Beard,—I was going to say in his Sleeve;
But here the conceit of the Stratagem lay,
He won'd not attack 'em i'th midst of their fray:
Well knowing that while he committed a rape
Upon one, that the other won'd make her escape.
And so let 'em hacle themselves out of Breath,
That he might with less trouble accomplish their Death;
The Weasels in quarreling made such a ruffel,
They broke their small Prey, in the heat of the scuffle:
But still they continu'd (like Dragons) to fight,
As before for their Prey, so they now fought for spite;
Each striving to give his Opponent the fall,
Tho' both won'd be Losers when all came to all.
Till at last they were forc'd to contract a Reprieve;
Unable to fight, tho' unwilling to leave.
No sooner the Cat saw 'em in such distress,
But seiz'd on 'em both, and devour'd 'em with ease.

## The MORAL.

LET England beware of those Agents of Rome,
Who strive what they can to imbroil us at Home.
Suppose a domestick division arose,
Won'd it not be a Method, to subjugate our Foes.

For

For who can deny, but that while we commend,
We are doing the French King his work to his Hand.
We Fight our Fore-bodes instead of our own,
For a Kingdom's no sooner divided, but down.

## FABLE II.

### *The Knight and Spaniel.*

A Dog, by good Fortune, much more than desert,
Receiv'd all the Favours a Knight cou'd impart;
For every Day this imperious Cur-dog,
Was Honour'd so highly to Dine with his Worship;
And had on a Stool his Allowance in course,
Being fed like an Infanta Brat at the Nurse.
But tho' this kind usage renew'd daily seiser,
This Puppy wou'd show no respect for his Master;
But crept to his Man, with a fawning behaviour,
As if 'twas from him, he receiv'd all the Favour.
Notwithstanding the Servant wou'd kick him, the Cur
Wou'd creep to him still, and but Love him the more.
When ever the slave went a walking or strolling;
The Son of a Bitch, wou'd be always a howling:
Lament for his Loss, and incessantly mourn,
Till his Deputy Governour made a turn.
Which when 'twas observ'd by his Master that low'd him,
He took him aside and sedately reprov'd him.
'An't you an ungrateful Dog, Sirrah says he,
'To pay to my Servant, a Debt due to me?
'An't I of your utermost service deserving,
'Who is 't but I, that preserves you from starving?

'You

You sit at my Table, you eat at your ease;
Besides you have Freedom, to do what you please.
And yet to make such Base sounds in your Throat,
As if you resolv'd to prevent it for th' Future:
Pray is't not a Crime that admits no Defence,
That a Dog of your Breed should have no more Sense?
Hence forward I'll keep you, no more on these Scores,
So dare not hereafter, to enter my Doors;
But think when you are in a Shepherd's grown,
You might be been Happy; the fault was your own.

## THE MORAL.

NOtwithstanding we have so indulgent a Queen,
That Governs so wisely, so mild, so serene;
Yet still there are some that refuse to defend Her,
And place all their hopes, on a rotted Pretender,
When they know, (if he came) he wou'd surely deceive 'em
Instead of rewarding their Service, infave 'em.
Yet still they're possest with so servile a nature,
They hope beyond measure, and Love him the better;
Let 'em still live in hopes of restoring their Prince,
(Tho' the B---d's no more King of England than I am,)
They'l repent, (when Despair their opinion convinces)
Of being ungrateful to so good a Princess.

## FABLE III.

### *Two Asses going a Journey.*

TWO Asses to Travel had once an intent,
But they'd not go a way that their Forefathers went,
Designing

Designing to shift as a Member from Town,
They [illegible] way of their own.
So stepping [illegible] Moll,
They wander'd in [illegible] and in Mud;
[illegible] with the Darkness of Night;
(For [illegible] they were [illegible] the Night)
In a perplexed Amazement, they hurry'd along,
Till one cry'd (in Anger) — I'm sure we go wrong:
No, No, says the other, you talk like an Ass:
'Prithee hold, our a-Jaunt we're just at the Place;
'Not I, (says the latter) I'm certain we miss,
'I know of a far better Passage than this.
'Had you gone on that Lane which I show'd you before,
'Our Journey had long before this time been o'er.
Thus they parted in Passion, creating a pother,
Confounding their Fortune, and cursing each other:
Each being mistaken, both wander'd away,
For ought I know, they're Rambling to this very day.

## The MORAL.

HOW far has our Modern Religion declin'd,
While it goes, in the notion of being refin'd! (Not,
For this Hundred Years past, they have made such digres-
It has been our contention, but not our profession.
It must needs prove a base to our English Dominions,
To be pester'd with so many plagues of Opinions.
Each Cobler starts up from his Stall in a Rapture,
From translating of shoes, to expounding the Scripture.
Here's one goes to *Paradise* thro' a Back-door,
Which the primitive Christians ne'er heard of before;

While

While *James* takes wonderful care of his Bed,
And lands all his Goods into bliss by the Head,
Much being so dangerously [illegible] proven,
He believes all predictions are disarm'd, but his own.
Sure *England* can never prosper in peace,
While Black-heads pay bonach where [illegible] they

# FABLE IV.

## *An Ape in Love, with a Fox's Tail.*

AN Ape being vext to see Nature provide
So splendid a Cover for Reynolds's hide,
Importun'd the Gods (in a rage) to declare,
Why his Tail was so bushy, and Her's was so bare.
No Answer was given, poor Pug was affrighted;
Despairing to have her Condition amended:
However one Day, being walking abroad,
She saw a dead Fox in a Ditch by the Road.
So she gnaws off his Tail, and having so done,
She fasten'd it by a device of her own.
A way goes the Monkey, huffs, vapours and flounces,
As Proud of her Tail, as a Whore of her Posches.
Puft up with conceit of her being so Fine,
She looks upon all her old Friends with disdain,
Who seeing the Pride of her temper was such,
Only made her the Subject of scorn and reproach.

## The MORAL.

SO Vain and so Proud, is this impious Nation,
That few are content, with their own proper station;
No wonder that Trades-Men take lodgings in Jails, (Tails,
When their Treasure's exhausted, to grace their Wives
No wonder their Revenues often prove short,
When their Duties are following Fashions at Court.
Let the Husband be ruin'd, his business Delay'd
So they have but enough, for their Lust and their Pride.
Each Servant Maid now, (no their Mount be it spoken,)
Has her Furbelowed Scarf, tho' th'as never a Smock on.
The Poor Cinder Wench, (tho' she wallows in Dirt,)
Must have her things made—as they have 'em at the Court.
If Pride be a vice that will bring vengeance down,
We have reason to think, that it threatens our Town.
And 'tis no great wonder so odious an Evil,
Should ruin this Land, for it ruin'd the Devil.

## FABLE V.

### *The Parliament of Hares.*

THe Hares, (you must know) in past times made a riot,
Because they cou'd never be easy nor quiet,
For a Hound (who's by nature a Foe to their Breed)
Was disturbing 'em, whether abroad, or in Bed.
A Council was call'd while the Head of the Class,
Consults what was best to be done in this Case.

All

All Heads went to work, still confuting each other,
Some found out one project, and some found another.
At last 'twas concluded, a good heavy Clog
Should be ty'd round the Neck of this turbulent Dog;
Imagining wisely, 'twould be for the better,
When the Son of a Bitch was confin'd to a Fetter.
This Stratagem was the result of their Choice,
No murmur was made by a negative Voice;
The Clog was provided, and all things in order,
They'd now be Reveng'd for his Rapine and Murder.
But upon a debate they began to grow slack,
When they came to the tying the Chain round his Neck:
One makes an excuse,—he had found out the Plot,
So th' attempt (he suppos'd) cou'd not fall to his Lot.
Another in 's Foot was fatigu'd with a Swelling,
A Third was unable, a Fourth was unwilling,
And thus their contrivance, was brought to Confusion,
And only for want of a due Execution.

## *The MORAL.*

WHat a noise there has been among Gospel explainers
What a zeal they express for reforming of manners.
We have heard long Orations from pulpit and press,
Of their Battles with Sin, and their Combates with Vice
They have told us, what harm from our Crimes will ensue,
They have shown us the drift, and the consequence too
Our Sodom of Sin, they affirm, (to our Sorrow)
Must expect to be punish'd as bad as GOMORRAH.
We allow that the Nation is wicked fo' enough,
'Tis plain there's but little occasion for proof.

Their

Their precepts are good but then why shou'd they trample
On such wholesome Essays, by a wicked example?
It wou'd not be amiss, shou'd we question the Tribe,
Why they don't persevere in the Paths they Prescribe;
For to hear a fond zealot condemning an Evil,
When he harbours the failing—why this is the Devil.
What boots it to see a false prophet contrite,
Reviling excess on a *Sunday* with Spite;
When perhaps he was Drunk on the *Saturday* Night.
Reformation is only bawl'd out for a Skreen,
For they 're all of 'em backward we see to begin:
They are willing to do a good thing, but what then?
When it comes to performance they 're baff'd agen.
In short, let the Gown, and the Cloak in their Station,
Begin by example to French reformation,
And then we may hope 'twill incourage the Nation.

## FABLE VI.

### *A Society of Magpyes.*

The Magpyes, (who 'realways extending their Jaws)
And won'd rather be using their Tongues than their Claws
Were wont once a Day to assemble together
( As you know it is usual for Birds of their Feather )
To debate and deride, being always prepar'd
To mimick whatever they saw or they heard.
Whenever the Eagle commenc'd a transaction,
They wou'd always Burlesque his design with reflection.
In fine, there was nothing of publick adventures,
But was forc't to dispense with their Nonsense and banters

## The MORAL.

THere's a world of these chattering Magpyes of State,
That are given to talk of they do not know what.
Those Critick's I mean, Rich, Lazy, old Cits,
That wouldfain be distinguish'd for Coffee-house Wits.
They'l rose 'ore News papers, and see what's transacting,
Then call for a dish and begin a reflecting.
Such Forces with ease might ha' took such a place,
They'l show it as plain as the Nose of your Face.
While they're smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco the'l Storm ye
A Town, that won'd be a Months work for an Army.
We might soon be reveng'd on the French for our wrongs,
Cou'd our Forces tack Cities as fast as their Tongues.
And I'me sure we might soon be deprivd of our right,
If the Nation had no better Champions to Fight.
'Tis a pity these men shou'd be suffer'd to vent,
Their Nonsense in publick, to breed discontent:
For a General, (the' he be never so Glorious)
Shall be scoft and Lampoon'd when he is not Victorious,
Nor can they we see be contented to roam,
To reflect on the Camp;---they're as busy at home.
Whatever the Queen, or the Parliament, say,
To be sure 'tis Commented upon, the next day,
It must needs in the Nation occasion distractions
When blockheads are suffer'd to censure their actions.

FABLE

# FABLE VII.

## *Of the Policy of the Ants.*

WHoever examines the *Ants* in their Nature,
Will find they'r a species of provident Creatures.
But so much to self-interest, and avarice, prone,
They're wellwishers to nobody's good but their own.
In the midst of the Summer, they'l labour and sweat;
That their Caverns in Earth, may with Prog be replenat.
So in Winter they sit in their own Copy-hold;
And laugh at those Creatures that work in the cold:
For when once with sufficient Subsistence they're serv'd,
They'd rejoyce to see all other Animals starv'd.

## *The MORAL.*

IT has puzl'd some great Politicians of State,
To know why all Trades are decay'd so of late.
But whoever will take a Survey of the Nation,
May find out the Mischief without Conjuration.
For Trades-men (as daily Experience has shown)
Do not plot for the National good, but their own:
Tis the common result of their Pain and their Cares,
To purchase Estates for themselves and their Heirs.
To perfect such Projects they'l bubble and barter,
Without any favour to trade, or to charter.
That's nothing to them if they have but their Ends
They'd ruin their Brothers, their Neighbours, or Friends.

Let their Actions be base, their Proceedings assure,
They care not who suffer so they are secure.
They'l traffick in secret and openly cheat,
They can accomplish their Projects compleat;
Tho' thousands shou'd suffer for their breach of trust,
Yet it cannot excuse these vile Rogues to be just.
'Tis all one to them did the Nation depend on't,
They'd use the same Methods, and so there's an end on't.

# FABLE VIII.

## *Diogenes in his Tub.*

Diogenes liv'd (as old Histories tell us.)
As content in a Tub, as a Prince in a Palace.
His Hovel was grac'd with one Room of a floor,
But was neither adorn'd with a Window nor Door.
Yet it pleas'd him, (tho' 'twas not as wide as a Stall)
He made it his Bed-chamber, Kitchin and all.
No Methods for safety he needed propose:
He had nothing to dread, having nothing to lose.
He con'd wander all day without Terrour or Fright,
And sleep in his Castle unbolted at Night.
No Robbers he fear'd, for there's no Rogue so mad,
To come where he knows there is nought to be had:
Retir'd from the noise of the World, all alone,
He'd eat when he had it, and be pleas'd when he'd none.

He'd

He'd sit, and with pleasure, his Humours divert:
To see the poor Mortals, contending for Dirt:
To see 'em so busily making a Pother,
As if (Canibal like) they won'd eat one another.
He nev'r was concern'd in the matters of State,
For he thought 'twas below him to strive to be great:
And tho' his Condition was nasty and poor,
He made himself rich in desiring no more.

## *The MORAL.*

HOw easy, how blest would this Nation appear,
Won'd Men be content in their own proper Sphere!
But while they are struggling so hard to be great,
It must needs prove a Bane to the Church and the State.
Here is nothing but notions of Dignity heard,
Of who must be honour'd, and who be prefer'd.
Each Fool to Promotion has hopes to attain,
And so climbs up the Ladder as fast as he can.

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FABLE

# ÆSOP IN Scotland.

## FABLE IX.

### *The Apes chusing a new King.*

THe Apes (like true Rebels) began to conspire,
Pretending the Lyon was harsh and severe:
That he did not dispense with Legislative Pow'r,
As justly, as some of his Kindred before;
That contrary to justice he made an Essay,
To usurp an imperious, tyrannical Sway:
That they could not conform to his Humour and Pride,
Alledging a thousand pretences, beside:
So upon the result, the Assembly, assents,
To throw off Allegiance and turn Malecontents:
However they were in Opinions, confus'd,
Some would have him reform'd, Some would have him de-(pos'd

Whilst

Whilst others, with such sort of Government cloy'd
Make florid Addresses, to have him destroy'd.
After many debates, what was best to be done,
They resolv'd to elect a new King of their own.
This cunning Device, put an end to the Brawl,
'Twas applauded by most, and approv'd on by all.
Puft up with Conceit, they prepar'd for Election,
To bring the Contrivance, to speedy Perfection;
A grisly old Pug, by the Heads was elected,
And with Reverence due to a Monarch respected:
He was own'd for their Ruler in all Convocations,
And huzza'd with unusual Congratulations.
Thus far they were prosperous, but (trouble increases,)
On a sudden their Project was dash'd all to pieces:
For the Lion surrounded this poor plotting Senate, (been at;
With a Troop; ——— being privately told what they'd
So attacking 'em closely to see what would come on't,
The Cabal, (tho' displeas'd) were dispersst in a moment;
Thus 'ith heat of the Plot, they were sadly confounded,
Some put to the flight, some kill'd and some wounded:
Whilst others, cry'd out, (to the Lion) Jove save ye,
Each begging his Life with an humble Peccavi.
The King look'd as white as a Skull in Church-yard,
Or a Boy that was newly took robbing an Orch yard:
We may easily think he was much discontented,
His Subjects revolted, himself circumvented.
But the Lyon commanded his men to prepare;
A Gibbet, to hang up his Majesty there.

The

## The MORAL.

IT has baffl'd our modern State Cynicks, of late,
To know what the murmuring Scots wou'd be at:
For men of a right Understanding, allow,
That if ever the Locks were bedevil'd, 'tis now;
From the poyson that comes from their lips, one may guess;
There's mischief in hand,—there's a Snake in the grass:
'Tis surmis'd by some men that these pitiful Elves
Are desirous of having a King to themselves:
If this be their Aim, their Conditions are bad,
They'll be censur'd to be Knaves better than mad.
For what shou'd occasion their Dissatisfaction?
They're indebted to us for their present Protection.
And shou'd they make such an ungrateful return,
All the Nations in Europe wou'd laugh'em to scorn.
For who can deny, but that while they're pursuing
Such ends, they project and contrive their own Ruin?
Their Allegiance to England, is a tribute that's due,
Add from present Affairs one might easily shew,—
'Tis not only their Duty, but their Interest too.—
How'ere if they're tir'd with so wholesome a Peace,
( Notwithstanding their Safety, their Freedom, and Ease,)
If they fly from their Colours and begin to desert,
We desire 'em to take the effects, in good Part:
What the Sequel will be of so foolish an Action,
Experience will give us a full Satisfaction:
If they must have a King in their own threadbare Climate
( Which we've reason to think is the Project they aim at,)

We

We can tell 'em thus much for their comfort, they'l find,
'Twill be something to meet with a man in the mind.
For who'd be their Monarch, --- a Friend or a Stranger;
To sit in a Throne, when surrounded with danger?
Such Methods wou'd be an incentive to stir up,
The hatred of all other Kingdoms in *Europe*,
Who won'd laugh at his Folly traduce, and abuse him,
And (undoubtedly) lend us a hand to depose him:
If they travel this Road to amend their Conditions,
I'm apt to conclude, they're no great Politicians.
If these are their Stratagems. --- let'em go on,
Small harm will occur to our Queen or her Throne,
While they're plotting our ill, they're contriving their own.

# FABLE X.

## *Of the Lamb and Wolves.*

A Lamb by mischance stragl'd out of the road,
From the rest of the Sheep, and run rambling a (broad,
In hopes of arriving into the right way,
But met with some Wolves upon hunt for a Prey,
Who were willing to make an excuse, ere they seize her,
Pretending the Lamb, was a heinous Transgressor.
One charg'd her with doing such things, while another
Affirm'd, that he saw her contend with her Mother.
A third swore he saw her --- such projects contrive,
'Twas the Verdict of all, she deserv'd not to live.
Alas says the Lamb (knowing well what they wanted)
My Actions have ever been clear and untainted.

It is not my Crimes that occasion this Strife,
But a subtle Device, to deprive me of Life.
'Tis my sides, and my shoulders, you cover to carve,
And wou'd make me believe, 'tis but what I deserve.
No more, cry the Wolves, we will hear no excuse,
Whether guilty or harmless, thou're fit for our use.
Then to tearing they went, (tho' you'll say 'twas a hard case,)
Thus the innocent Sheep lost her life, for her Carcass.

## *The MORAL.*

WE may easily guess at the Scots Resolution,
When we think of the baseness of *Green's* Execution,
Their Proceedings were all upon Bribery rooted,
Tho' confirm'd at that time, they have since been confuted:
They patch'd up a Tryal (we see) and sent hither,
And accus'd him of Robb'ry, and murder, together,
Tho' Affidavits have prov'd, he was guilty of neither.
Now a Man that has eyes may perceive what they drive at,
Tho' they're willing to smother their Actions in private.
Let 'em banter his Ashes, with Malice and Pride,
*Green's* Murder will stick like a Thorn in their Side.
There's a Spell in his Death, of a Nature so strange,
That 'tis plain neither time nor oblivion can change:
The Blood of the guiltless crys loud for revenge.
Some men wou'd excuse 'em a little, and tell us,
'T was not his transgression that brought him to th' Gallows;
But only his Cargo, --- his Cargo was all,
( A hopeful Excuse t' extenuate his fall. )
Tho' for my Part I think it must needs be confest,
Twas the Matter of Fact; he's as been clear'd from the rest.

A Ship loaded well, was so tempting a Bait,
I suppose they'd have hang'd a whole Kingdom for that.
Now whether 'twas the Nobles, or the plebeian Vermin
Were the chief Actors in it, I shall not determine.
'Tis certain he was hang'd, he was wrong'd,— (to be brief)
He was bully'd, he was bubb'd, (Poor Man) of his Life.
And since I've proceeded so far in this case,
I'll give 'em some Caution, by way of Advice.
In the first place, I'd have 'em, (before we go further)
Set a whole week apart to repent of this Murther.
In the next place, 'twoud be for their Int'rest to own;
More Respect for our Queen, than they've hitherto done.
And lastly I'd have 'em get Cure for the Mange,
Which prompts 'em so much to Commotion, and Change:
I mean, I'd advise 'em to make no Digression,
But settle *Sophia*, and her House in Succession.
If nothing will cool 'em i'th heat of their Blood,
If they're blind to their Int'rest, and deaf to their Good,
Let 'em take their own Methods, and ruin their Nation;
They're a stubborn, they're a louse, they're a wicked Gene-
(ration.

# ÆSOP IN France.

## FABLE XI.

### *The Superannuated Fox.*

AN old subtle Fox who had drove a strong Trade,
In robbing of Hen-roosts, was at last so decay'd,
In his Strength, and Acuteness, ( to all peoples Wonder )
He became in a short time, unable to plunder.
Variegu'd with Diseases, from Head to the Foot,
The Palsie, the Cholick, the Stone, and the Gout.
Thus he lay at the Mouth of his Den, much distrest,
Complaining of Fortune, and breathing his last.
Which being observ'd by the Geese, and the Pullen
That their old Combatant, was so drooping, and sullen,
They surrounded his Cave, and with just Exclamations,
In a petulant manner, thus vented their Passions.
One vow'd she wou'd now be reveng'd for her Chickens,
Which *Reynard* had murder'd, ten Days or a Week since.

Another

Another poor Orphan flep'd up in a Feather,
And bit him 'th Teeth with her Father, and Mother;
An old teeming Goose made a confounded Hissing,
And demanded his Blood for the Death of her Gosling.
While a Cock for the loss, (as a Man may surmise)
Of his Mistress, attempted to peck out his Eyes.
By and by, came a whole Shoal of Drakes and their Mates,
Who threaten'd to hazard their Lives, and Estates,
But they'd have their revenge, (which did after succeed)
For the Rapes he'd committed so oft on their Breed;
Alledging his heinous Designs, and Offences,
Refusing to hear his Excuse, or Pretences.
Then all making ready to cut, flash, and gore
In Requital for what they had suffer'd before,
Dividing his Body, dissecting his Limbs,
A proper Reward, for his Capital Crimes.

## *The* MORAL.

SHou'd that cafe-harden'd Sinner, the old King of *France*
Be subdu'd at this Juncture by Valour, or Chance,
His Wellwishers might then cry, O Miserable Prince!
He'd better been hang'd, (as he deserv'd it) long since.
His Impotent Life must extenuate the Guilt,
And atone for the Innocent Blood he has spilt.
The Brutal Attempts of this Infamous Hero
Have exceeded the Annals, of *Domitian* or *Nero*.
*Busiris*, or *Tarquin*, may be held in Esteem,
We may cancel their Crimes, in the Memorial of him.
His Barbarous Acts in his Cradle began
He was a Monster, before one cou'd say — he's a Man.

His

His Throne has cemented in Cruelty, stood
Polluted with Guilt, and besprinkl'd with Blood.
No Cries of the Widow, cou'd find Acceptation,
No Orphan cou'd move the Old Brute to Compassion.
But Murder, and Bloodshed, Desolation, and Strife,
He'as been in Pursuit of, all the Days of his Life.
His Aim, (as Occurrences daily have shown,)
Is to inslave other Kingdoms as well as his own.
But the Prospect we have of this War, does assure ye,
He'll be baff'd, and stop'd, in the Career of his Fury.
His Troubles at present, distract his Old Age,
He's hem'd round about like a Bird in a Cage,
Tormented, and plagu'd with a Head full of Cares,
A Heart full of Grief, and a Breast full of Fears.
His Allies, to forsake him are daily alarmed,
His Forces are baffl'd, distrest, and disarmed.
A considerable Part of his Realm are revolted,
And his Cities surrender, as soon as assaulted.
His Subjects, (by their Murm'ring) cover a Change,
And those he oppresses, roar out for Revenge:
Petitioning Heaven for his utter Undoing,
Thus all things (we hope) are contriving his Ruin.
That he's ready (Poor Creature) to down of his knees
And beg his Opponents to come to a Peace.
But we hope such a Contract will nee'r be agreed
Till they've knock'd the Unmerciful Tyrant o'th Head:
Or have ferter'd or chain'd him in a Jail to a Clog,
That as he'as liv'd like a Wolf, he may die like a Dog.

FABLE

# FABLE XI.

## *Of the Prodigal Son, and the Lawyer.*

A Youth had the ill Luck to forfeit the Favour
Of his Sire, by a loose, and expensive Behaviour.
Addicted to Revelling, and being Profuse,
Frequenting Lascivious Assemblies, and Stews,
In so much that the Father disinherits the Heir,
And bid him go take up his Quarters, elsewhere.
Away goes the Son, in Confusion and Sadness,
Reflecting, and Fretting at his Folly and Madness.
And wanders along the Highway, to and fro,
Discontented in Mind, having no where to go.
A Lawyer came by at that time and perceiving,
A Man of his Aspect, lamenting, and grieving,
Inquir'd the Occasion, --- the other replies,
My Father and I, are at Variance, --- he says,
I'm a Profligate grown, and I do not know what,
And has banish'd me out of his presence for that,
Nay, designs to deprive me of all the Estate.
Come, Come, says the Lawyer if this be the case,
I'll prevent you from living in Shame and Disgrace,
Besides I can balk his Contrivance, with ease.
So he takes the Spark home, and replenish'd his Purse,
And let him run on in his old raking Course.
Let him do what he pleas'd, still he'd Money enough,
Being freed from the Bane, of Advice or Reproof.

In

In Process of time, the Tormentor was hurl'd,
( His Father I mean ) from this troublesom World.
The Lawyer, as soon as the Father was gone,
Conveyt the Estate to the use of his Son.
And then without any more formal Pretences,
Demands speedy Pay for his Cloaths and Expences.
And thus he was bubl'd and cheat'd o'th Estate,
For want of a Pension, to cancel that Debt.

## *The* MORAL.

WHile *Lewis* won'd have Englishmen to surrender
Their rights, and contrive to restore the Pretender;
Relinquish Allegiance, oppose the Queen's Friends,
He only pursuing his own private Ends;
Suppose he'ad his Will on the Queen and her Crown;
To depose her, and set up an A---e on the Throne.
What a number of Tallies, and Scores won'd appear;
To ruin the Nation, before they were clear!
There's abundance of Bills on their file to defray,
Which our Land's neither able nor willing to pay.
Six Millions for a Lifeguard, Attendants and Pages,
And four Millions more, for Cloaths, and Board-wages.
Item one Million more, to present to the Pope.
And as much when at Nurse, for Clouts, Candles and Soap
For Crosses, and Beads, Item ten thousand Pound;
Which I'm apt to believe won'd be hard to be found.
Besides there's a Multitude more left behind;
And are all to be paid, when the D--l is blind.
To what a vast Sum will the Total amount!
I'm afraid we shall never be brought to an account.

Six Millions, and four; --- but howe're I may stop,
There's but little Occasion for casting it up:
For the Nation I guess ne'r designs to discharge it,
And so 'twon'd be foolish, and needless to urge it.
Thus the Tyrant won'd set the Young Spark on the Throne,
And bubble him out of his Right when he'd done.
He'd put him a Scepter, ( we suppose ) in his hands,
But then he must yeild to his impious Demands.
Agree to what Doctrine, th' Apostate shou'd preach,
And subquit, ( like a Spaniel ) to carry and fetch.
Conform to his Humours, fawn, flatter, adore,
And be limited too, in dispensing his Pow'r:
He must bow, he must stand with an uncover'd Head
In his Presence, and bark ( like a P---y ) for Bread.
But this is not all the Effects of his Knav'ry,
We must all be reduc'e into Bondage and Slav'ry.
We have felt the Affliction of Faggot and Chain,
And we're Fools if we taste of that Physick again.
They have cozen'd us once, by a fubtle Device,
But the Fault will be ours, if they bubble us twice.
If they'l take my Advice, they may keep him at home
No Monarch in *England* for the Int'rest of *Rome*.
We've got a Good Queen on the Throne to defend,
And if we've Occasion, we know where to send.
Let the Drooping French King summons up all his Force,
And petition the Pope for a mouthfull of Curses:
'Tis all one to us, for we're apt to believe
The faster he curses, the faster we thrive.

# ÆSOP IN Holland.

## FABLE XII.

### *Of the Eagle, and the two Cocks.*

TWo Cocks liv'd at Variance one with another,
And were always a fighting, and making a Pother.
So beginning one Morning to quarrel, and wrangle
(Contending for who shou'd be King of the Dunghill,)
An Eagle comes swop in betwixt 'em, and frights
The two busy Combatants, out of their Wits.
In a dreadful Amaze they concluded their Fray,
And both fell abound on this Monster of Prey.
While the Eagle was squeezing of one out of Breath,
The other flep't in and prevents him from Death.
Insomuch, that he fail'd in committing the Rape,
And the Cocks by a Stratagem made an Escape.

When

When the Danger was past, and the Enemy gone
They begun to consider, their Folly, —— says one,
Let all our Contentions from this Instant cease
And let's live in Brotherly Union, and Peace,
Agreed says the other; while our Foes are so busy
'Tis requisite we shou'd be quiet and easy.
So a Contract was made to continue for Life,
To prevent for the future, their Envy and Strife.
In a little time after the Eagle was seen,
In the Heat of his Rage to attack 'em again.
To try the Result of a Combat once more.
But as void of Success as it was heretofore,
And afterwards saw ( notwithstanding his Vigour, )
No Method was left him, to exercise Rigour,
The Chicks now perceiv'd while they continu'd Friends
The Eagle cou'd never accomplish his Ends.
Thus their Dangers concurr'd, to convince and to prove,
Their Safety consisted in a mutual Love.

## *The* MORAL.

WHile *England* and *Holland* continue Allies
Their Foes are no more than a Parcel of Flies.
In Case of Religion we're almost the same,
And our Int'rests in other things run in one Stream;
Shou'd the Powers of *France* and of *Germany* too,
Conspire all against us, pray what cou'd they do?
Our Forces are num'rous, our Forts of Defence
Are impregnable, our Banks and our Treasures immense;
Our Souldiers are disciplin'd, willing, and lusty,
Our Generals fortunate, valiant and trusty.

'Tis true if the Tyrant con'd find out a way,
To set us at Variance at this time of Day,
He might then keep his lingering Spirits alive,
Sit down, kiss *Maintenon*, and laugh in his Sleeve.
But 'twon'd be so hard to bring things to this Pass,
I'm perswaded that he might grow Patient as Grass,
Nay 'tis so absurd for a Man to conceive it,
One had need have a Jesuit's Faith to believe it.
Let *Scotland* revolt from the Queen and the Crown,
And pretend they have Reasons; sure *Holland* has none:
Small Hopes of so fatal a Difference appears,
When their Safety is ours, and our Welfare is theirs.
'Tis true, they assist us, but 'tis plain to be seen,
They're protecting themselves, in befriending the Queen:
Nor is it a little Concern, (we may guess)
Can excite 'em to cancel the Contract of Peace,
Since our Annals, and Records, (impartially) shew,
They were Loosers in all their Contentions, with us,
But 'tis Folly to speak, or to think of a Variance,
When there's so little Cause, and so little Appearance:
We're united, and doubt not but Heaven will bless,
And crown our Designs, with (expected Success.)

## FABLE XIII.

### *Of the two Men and a Boy.*

TWo Men disagreeing, stripp'd into their Shirts
To cool the Ambition that flam'd in their Hearts:
To try the Result of a factious Conteſt,
And determine whose Cause in their Difference was best.

And

And while they were hotly making a Rumbur,
To the Great [illegible] Honour;
A [illegible] Rogue in the midst of the Rage,
Crep't behind [illegible] Cutlass away;
When the two [illegible] Warriors had glutted their Rage,
When the Fleas of their Fury began to abatage;
They [illegible] to [illegible] being cool'd in their Minds,
And so, (like true Bullies) [illegible] and were Friends;
But looking about for their Cloaths on the Ground;
They saw to their Grief there was none to be found.
And thus they were gull'd, as indeed they deserv'd;
And left in the Cold to be frozen or starv'd,
Dishevell'd in their Wounds, Bloody Mouths, batter'd Skulls,
As they'd fought like two Bears, to go home like two Fools.

## Certainly.

WHile *England* and *France*, are commencing a Pother.
And strive to impov'rish, and ruin each other;
While their Forces are spent, and their Ships are decay'd,
The Dutch run away with their Treasure and Trade:
Whatever that Politick People pretends,
In serving the Queen with their Armies, as Friends,
They've always an Eye to their secular Ends.
To enrich their own Land is the chief of their Care,
They have fatted themselves on the Spoils of the War.
The Prizes they've taken by Sea will amount,
To a considerable Summ at the foot of th' Account.
Nay they've Dealings with those very People they fight,
And Wiseman will think 'em, no doubt in the right,
Provided they manage the Cale to get by t.

For

For Profit is Profit before the Point goes,
Let it come from our Neighbours, our Friends, or our Foes:
While the *English* and *French* seem to take a Delight in
Contention, as if 'twas for th' Pleasure of fighting,
The *Dutch* are so Cunning, so Sharp, and so Sly,
They've always their Int'rest in Hand by the by:
The former may take both the Charge and the Pains;
The latter will come in for Share of the Gains.

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# ÆSOP IN Germany.

## FABLE XIV.

### *The Undigested Mistress.*

A Man was betoned so much on a Face
(Commending each Feature, admiring each Grace,)
That he suffer'd his Fancy to have the sole Pow'r,
So far that he grew even Mad in's Amour:
Her Eyes with so daring a Lustre were fill'd,
That the Charm was too strong to be shun'd or repell'd.
Her Skin was much whiter than Fruit in the Bloom;
And her Breath was as sweet as *Arabia* Perfume.

Her

Her Tongue was so sweet, her Talk so serene
That her Words won'd he' tempted a Hermit to sin.
Her Body bedeck'd with a costly Attire,
That stow'd Admiration on sight, and Desire.
Her Aspect was comely, her Carriage devout,
In short she was all over Glorious without.
When he'd feasted his Eyes with so charming a Creature,
When her Looks had intangl'd the Fool in a Fetter;
Observing her Freedom, and decent Behaviour,
He strives to insinuate into her Favour.
And attempted by several pre'ambling Addresses
To procure the fond Bliss to his lustful Embraces:
When his Ends were attain'd, and the Lovers were driven
To a Place which some leacherous Bullies call Heaven.
When she came to unstrip that her Inside appear'd
He found her a Jilt to be loath'd and cashier'd.
A putrify'd Carcass, a bedridden Scold,
A Brazenfac'd Prostitute, ugly, and old.
Her Face varnish'd over with Druggs and with Cheats
To catch the unwary in her Snares and her Nets.
A surfeited Bawd, versit in all Sorts of Evil
A Figure, enough to have frighted the D----.
Her Locks (that intic'd him before they were known)
Appear'd when undreft to be none of her own.
Her Patches were only apply'd by a Slight
To hide the Defections of Nature from Sight.
Her Limbs were decrepit, her Body the same,
Thus he found she was only a Counterfeit Sham:
To delude silly Fools who in Heat of their Passion
Are apt to take things without Examination.

So

So he left her to practise her Tricks and Devices,
And all those lewd Arts that ensnarls or intices;
To see what fond Fool she cou'd after decoy
And went to her Sister, less fair to the Eye:
Yet found her, ---- (connecting a serious Debate)
Too mild, and too harmless, to think of Deceit.
Tho' her Outside was homely, her Circumstance poor,
She was free from those Checks, he had met with before.
So he fixt his Desires, on this innocent Saint,
And liv'd in Tranquillity, Peace, and Content.

## The MORAL.

WOu'd the *Europ'ean* examine the Humours and Ways
Of the *Romish* Communion in these drooping Days.
He wou'd find such a Mess of absurd Contradictions,
He'd condemn their Traditions for Fables and Fictions.
Wou'd he canvass their Doctrines in this drooping Season
And compare their *Decrees* with Scripture, or Reason,
We may very well judge it wou'd damp his Devotion,
And be a great Means to incourage Commotion.
He wou'd find that their Church is polluted with Crimes
And declin'd from the Practice of primitive times.
He wou'd find she was only for Errours a Skreen,
All formal without, and all filthy within.
That her Outside, was only a subtle Decoy,
To intice Misbelievers, and then to destroy.
He wou'd find her *Anathema's*, cunning Deceits,
Meer Bombast and *Ecclesiastical* Cheats:
And might quickly a Way for Dissention devise,
Wou'd he judge with Discretion, and open his Eyes.

'Tis

'Tis true at this Time we have some little Hope
By appearing so slight, to his Patron the *Pope*.
What th'Old man has commanded, the Young man controuls
He has banner'd his Nuncios, and baited his Bulls,
Disrespected his Orders, refusing to hear,
What th' Apostate has strove to infuse in his Ear,
Won'd the *Protestant Princes*, incourage, and back him,
'Tis likely the Babe might be wean'd to forsake him;
Abandon his Tribune, discard Superstition
And reduce his Affairs to a better Condition.
If Babylon must be dismounted, and lie
In Rubbish, who knows but the Time may draw nigh?
Who knows but the *Emperour* may shake off the Chain
And banish those Vipers, those Jesuits I mean;
Cashier the old Harlot, whose Hands has stood,
On the Ruins of *Martyrs*, and *Protestant Blood*.
Renounce all their Modes, as unbecent and fulsome,
And adhere to Positions more saving and wholsome.
We might then see their Pageantry, all laid aside,
And their *Priests* and their *Cardinals* scourg'd for their Pride
Confusion won'd seize on that old *Popish Dotard*,
And *Rome* ( impious *Rome* ) won'd be turn'd inside outward

## FABLE, XV.

### *Of the Boy and the Traveller.*

A Youth having mounted an unruly Horse,
That he neither cou'd govern by fraud nor by force,

For he'd kick up his hind parts when 'ere he was spur'd on
As if he'd a mind to get rid of his burden.
Which being observ'd by a man on the road,
That was weary with walking, (on foot) thro' the mud,
He intreats the Young Horseman to let him bestride him,
Pretending he'd help him to tame, and to guide him,
The Boy condescends, and esteem'd him a friend,
So the hobling Traveller gets on behind,
Lays hold on the reins, (which the other releas'd)
And turn'd him, and twin'd him, to which path he plea's'd,
Thus the Youth had the honour to sit in the Saddle,
But he on the Rump had got hold of Bridle.
The Boy was prefer'd to be seated before,
But the Man had ingross't to himself all the Pow'r.

## *The MORAL.*

WEre the *Jesuit's* (those Sons of sedition and essence
Of mischeif) but banish'd the *Emperours* presence,
Where those treacherous *Engineers* once disrespected,
We might then hope to see their Religion rejected.
But while they are suffer'd to share in his favour,
And accomplish base ends by a fawning behaviour,
We have reason to fear that the Friends will explode
Those matters, that seem to concur for his good:
They 're a parcel of Wills with their Wisps that intend,
To betray those poor men they appear to befriend.
The Prince that preserves em theyl strive to devour,
Still aming at greatness still grasping at Pow'r.

Like

Like Wasps upon mischief perpetually bent,
And like greedy *Usurers*, never content.
They have prompted the *Emperour* forward to prey
Upon all the *Hungarians* that stood in their way:
To Persecute, vilifie, scourge, and oppress;
And are th' only opponents, that hinder a Peace.
Thus while he gives ear to this peevish convention
That feed upon nothing but War and contention,
He hazards his safety, and forfeits renown,
And seems to forget that his power's his ow'n.
They wou'd fain bring him up in their politick School
And allow him to Reign—— provided they rule.
What will be the result, wou'd be hard to determine
When his Throne is Surrounded with such sort of vermin.
The Spiritual Bullies are lavish of pains,
If they are but allow'd to lay hold of the Reins.
We may easily see what an itching distemper,
They harbour (on purpose) to ruin the *Empire*.
The Prince that's to justice, or mercy, inclin'd,
Shall be never at ease till they 've tainted his mind,
Corrupted his Principles, byast his Friends,
And made him an Agent to compass their ends.
But we hope that the *Emp'rour* will see thro' the cheat
And balk 'em of what they design to be at.
Pervert all their projects, unravel their Plots,
Which wou'd only pollute his Memorials with blots.
He appears to be Mod'rate, Sedate, and Serene,
And honest, for what we have hitherto seen.

May Heaven protect him from all sorts of evil,
From the malice of Jesuits, the Pope and the Devil,
May he quickly be freed from the *Babylon* Noose
And learn to distinguish, his friends, From his Foes:

# ÆSOP IN Hungary.

## FABLE XV.

### *Of the Lyon, and Fox.*

A Fox had the impudence once to exceed,
The bounds which their Law had expressly forbid,
And instead of repenting the Fault; he'd a notion,
To proceed in his errours, and raise a Commotion;
And accordingly, influenc'd some of his friends,
To desert; and assist him t' accomplish his ends:
Insomuch that by craft he had quickly decoy'd,
A consid'rable party to stand of his side.
When the Lyon perceiv'd the Cabal to increase,
And the faction unwilling to hear of a Peace:

He

He Summon'd his Subjects up: (all Sorts of Cattel)
And bid his Opponents, prepare for a Battel.
The Fox and his Cubs, resolutely withstood,
And made a resistance, as well as they could.
But had the mishap to be quickly divorc'd,
Being glad to retreat, and cause off by the worst.
And yet tho' their foes had divided their train,
They'd the confidence after to rally again.
Uniting, and calling their fugitives back;
And boldly resolv'd for another attack.
And thus they continu'd (to all peoples wonder)
The neighbouring Forests, to ransack and plunder;
Despising the notion of being distrest,
Their clamours, and numbers, daily increast.
The Lyon a second time drew up his forces
Undermining their Snares, intercepting their courses.
And quickly defeats and disperst 'em once more,
But they grew as outrageous, and mad, as before.
It was not a scourging cou'd make him be quiet,
(Tho' distrest) they were still for promoting the riot,
Abetting their kindred to rail and exclaim
At the King of the Brutes, and cause over to them:
And thus they perswaded the plebeian Lumber,
To throw off Allegiance, and add to their number,
Instructing 'em how to contrive and lay traps
For their foes; and subsisting by plunder and Rapes.
The Lyon (at this time) fell suddainly Sick,
And daily appear'd to grow feeble, and weak:

That

That in less than a fortnight he gave up the Ghost,
And left a young Heir in succeed in his post;
The Fox ( notwithstanding his foe was deceast, )
Won'd not suffer his warrious rable to rest;
But still spur'd 'em on to carrying a transaction,
That might ease his desire with some small satisfaction.
The Successor perceiving ( altho' he was rather
More Pious, and much less severe than his Father )
Yet he thought it was time to prevent such disorders,
And drive the disturbers of Peace from his borders.
Whereupon he commanded his Troops to fall on
And treat 'em as harsh as his Father had done,
Nor had the event of his Rigour appear'd,
Had it not been to balk the contrivance, he fear'd:
When confusion is every where found; he's a Clown,
That takes care for the welfare of others, not's own.
The Fox and his party, perplex with such crosses
Fatigu'd with the War, and impov'rish'd by losses,
Was forc't to decline; and obliged to cease,
Such discord; and make a Petition for Peace;
Which the Lyon for's honour, and ease, condescended;
And thus their contentions were happily ended.

## The MORAL.

IT amuses som men, ( who are curious ) to find,
What *Ragotski* and the Malecontents have design'd.
'Tis surmis'd by some others, ( that love to advance,
Their opinions ) that they are too familiar with *France*.

If these latter judge right, we shall find e're 'tis long,
That the Prince and his Counsellors, are much in the wrong.
We can easily see where the mischief lies,
And so may they too if they'l open their Eyes:
'Tis not for their safety such kindness is shown,
The *French* Tyrant is only conserving his own.
Suppose th' old *Emperor* who'd always a think
For their blood, did occasion their variance at first:
Admitting (I say) they are pleas'd to avert,
That his rage, was th' original cause of their fear:
Are they so fast resolv'd upon hazards to run,
As to visit the Fathers Offence, on the Son?
I'm afraid the effects will convince 'em too late,
Of the follies whereby they appear to aim at.
The *English*, and *Dutch*, would advise 'em to cease
Their contention; and specially cease to a peace.
Perhaps they'l allege, (for the further concealing,
Their mystick intents) that King *Charles* is unwilling;
But this poor excuse, looks so bald at the Crown,
So implicit withal, that 'twill hardly go down.
The *Emperor* is not, (I'm apt to believe)
So harsh, and severe, as some people conceive.
The *Allies* might induce him to lay down his Arms
And contract an agreement on reasonable terms.
But at this present juncture thy look so awry,
And grow so imperious so proud and so hy,
We're afraid there's a Snake in the Grass by the by.
If they cleave to the old subtle Tyrant, or run,
To the *French* for subsistance, or aid, they're undone.

But

But howe'e in some things we may chance to mistake 'em
They are better (we hope) than Some Coffee-wits make (' em
I'd advise 'em, to lay aside malice and hate
And agree with the King ere before 'tis too late.
'Tis desir'd by their Freedom Brethren, and why,
Shou'd men be so mad, to preserve or destroy,
A blessing they might with such freedom injoy?

# ÆSOP IN SPAIN.

## FABLE XVI.

### *Of a man, and his two Masters.*

A Man, having suffer'd the dismal disaster,
To be turn'd out of Place, went in quest for a Mas-
And without much ado, had the fortune to find, (ter:
A Master that (every way) suited his mind.
A neighbouring Tradesman observing what care,
This Servant expect in his Master's affair:
Endeavour'd to draw him away, (by a whim.)
From the other fond fool to come over to him.

Alledging,

Alledging, (provided he'd mind his behaviour)
He shou'd live and be priz'd as the chief in his favour.
Then adds, he shou'd be from his Slav'ry releas'd,
And withal have full power to do what he pleas'd.
These arguments (tho' he was ty'd to a ferrer,
Yet who wou'd not shake off his Chains to live better)
Prevail'd; that he suffer'd his fancy to range
And covetted nothing so much as a change.
When the Master that had hir'd him, perceiv'd that he (grew,
So very uneasy, so negligent too,
He inquir'd the occasion and found by a notion,
That he'd fully resolv'd in himself for a motion.
And was privately told by a man the next day,
That a Neighbour of his, had intic'd him away.
Away goes the Master i'th heat of his passion;
And gave his *Antagonist* this Salutation;
Ye Rascal, I wonder you can have a face
To invite a man's Servant away from his place.
If these be your actions, you pitiful Elf,
Ye Villain I'll make you asham'd of your self.
I'll have satisfaction before I give o're
And make you beg pardon, ye Son of a Wh——
Before I'll be wrong'd, by your treacherous Cant
I'll have my revenge, or I'll know why I shan't.
The other Opponent made answer in blows,
And silenc'd his Tongue with a slap on the Nose;
The former from such filthy language, desists,
And attacks him with much better weapons---- his fists.
And had you but seen, how they strugl'd and toil'd,
For a poor sorry Slave, 'twou'd have made ye a smil'd.

Great Cuffing and kicking, without intermission,
Much courage on both sides, but little discretion.
And when they were weary'd, but never the better,
The Servant was call'd to determine the matter.
'Are not you ( says the first ) 'tho you grumble to show it
'My Servant by consent and contract,— 'I know it.
'And why shou'd you covet to serve my Opponent,
'I was lib'ral in giving you wages——'I own it.
'Then why can you not be content with your measure,
'But occasion such wrangling— 'Because 'tis my pleasure.
'Then you say (says the latter) you'l serve me before him;
'You have shown your dislike of this man,— I abhor him.
'Then what need we value his malice or anger
'You'l find me much better,—— I hope so, and stronger.
And thus he discover'd his temper at length,
Not who had right, but 'twas who had most Strength:
Still the former continu'd uneasy and fervent,
And swore he wou'd have, that he wou'd, have his Servant;
Which the latter as boldly, and stiffly withstood,
And told him in short, he shou'd as soon have his blood.
Thus they kept snarling on like two Dogs for a Dinner,
And when the Fray 's done we shall know's whos the win-
( ner.

## *The* MORAL.

WHile King *Charles*, and the Duke of *Anjou* strive to ( Reign,
O'er that fertile Asylum, the Province of *Spain*.
While they're struggling for Honour and fighting for Pow'r,
And imploying their Arms to distress and devour,

The

The *Spaniards* adhere to the Conquering side
And like the Mob in a mutiny, drive with the Tide:
They've little regard to the right of the Cause
For he that's victorious shall have their applause:
Let his Title be ner'e so unjust, ( tis no matter, )
If he meets with success, it must needs be the better.
The indifference they show at this time, does assure ye,
They've neither respect for *de facto* nor *Jure*.
To day they're for *Charles*, and to morrow the cry
Is nothing but Long live the Duke of *Anjou*:
This moment for *Bourbon*, peradventure, the next,
Their hopes on the house of *Austria* are fixt.
Thus they vary, and change, with the Fate of the War,
And seldom two days in one humour appear;
They look so asquint upon both, that they glance,
With one Eye t'wards *Germany*, t'other to *France*.
With an equal respect they survey the two foes
And seem to be unconcern'd, which way it goes. ( plaint
Give the Dons but their due, (they're so free from com-
That if their bellies are full, they are always content.
They'l suffer their Monarchs to do what they please,
Provided they live but in freedom, and ease.
Howe'ere we'd advise 'em, ( tho' no care is shown,
For the safety of others ) to look to their own:
If they suffer the present pretenders to Reign
They will find, they were doom'd, to a Clog, or a Chain
He's a limb of a Tyrant, from thence we infer,
If he does not degen'rate, he'll be as severe.
If they've any regard for the int'rest of Trade
A revolt from th' Usurper, will quickly be made.

Their Contentions, and Wars, wou'd be soon reconcil'd.
The Emp'rour is affable, courteous, and mild;
Th' other's a case-harden'd Sinner, whose aim,
Is to come into play for the old slavish game.
They have nothing to hope, but confusion, and pother
From the one, and for freedom and peace from the other.

# FABLE XVII.

## *Of the Countryman and Birds-nest.*

A Countryman spy'd a Birds-nest in his rambles;
But 'twas so well defended by Thistles, and Bram-
That he cou'd not tell which way to compass the Eggs, (bles.
Being fearful of scratching his Hands or his Legs.
For 'twas fenc'd so about, that the poor clownish Elf,
Cou'd not damage the Bird, without hurting himself.
Being vext in his mind that he cou'd not attain
To the end of his hopes, without hazard or pain;
He began to consider, a much milder course
Might accomplish by fraud what he cou'd not by force:
And after he'd puzl'd his brain, to project
What method wou'd bring the design, to effect.
He concludes 'twou'd be th' easiest to come at the prey,
By moving the Thorns and Brambles, away:
So fetching a Hatchet he hews down the Twigs
That were planted by nature as a shield for the Eggs,
And quickly arriv'd to his greedy desires,
And plunder'd the Nest, undisturb'd by the Briars.

Thus

Thus experience assur'd, and convinc'd him at length,
That a little Advice, 's worth a great deal of strength.

## The MORAL.

THe Confed'rates can never pretend to attain,
To the downfall of *France*, but by Conquest of *Spain*:
'Tis *Spain* must retaliate their honest endeavour,
And assist the destruction of *Louis*, if ever.
If they can but by force or by stratagem, make
A revolution in th' latter, the former must shake:
The destruction of both on the same grounds advance,
The ruin of *Spain*'s the introduction of *France*.
While the Tyrant keeps *Philip* the Third on that Throne
'Tis plain to be seen, he's securing his own.
'Tis said, he's bedridden, decrepit, and lame;
But we find, (to our sorrow) his Head's still the same,
The Gout in his Members predominant reigns,
And I wish for my part he'd the Gout in his Brains.
And shou'd he the *Spanish* Dominions ingross,
It wou'd not be only the Emperours loss,
But the subtle old Knave, (if the Allies don't rout him)
Will plague, and perplex, all his Neighbours about him.
We con'd never expect our contentions to cease,
He'd deprive all the Kingdoms in *Europe* of Peace.
And if he's prevented at this time of day
From extending 'ore *Spain* so illegal a sway,
It wou'd prove so destructive a Stroke, he'd be hurl'd,
In confusion and fear, from tormenting the world.

His

His troubles wou'd be too immense to outlive,
His crosses and losses, too great to Survive:
All things seem at present to Plot for his fall,
But *Spain* must be reckon'd the groundwork of all.
The *English* welfare does at that point commence
And the safety of *Germany* issues from thence.
May Heaven assist the Confed'rates, and bless
Their labour, and toil with a glorious success,
Till King *Charles*, o'er that Island, his Scepter has sway'd,
And allow'd his Allies the advantage of Trade;
This done; we might then hope to see 'em advance,
Their Forces to Conquer the Province of *France*.
But before they begin the foundation to lay,
They must move the impediment out of their way:
They must first like the Man in the Fable, with pain,
Extirpate the Rubbish, and Rebels, in *Spain*.

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ÆSOP

# ÆSOP IN Portugal.

## FABLE XVIII

### *The injur'd Friends.*

TWo Friends liv'd in Brotherly Union and Peace,
Enjoying their Friendship, with freedom and ease:
No cares to disturb, or occasion a Riot;
Thus they dwelt in tranquility, safety and quiet.
But there happen'd a diff'rence in process of time,
Insomuch that their friendship began to decline.
For the own, on a suddain grew stiff and morose,
Refusing to hear what his Friend wou'd propose,
Pursuing his int'rest, his own private ends,
Without any regard to the good of his Friends.
The other perceiving his Friend so chagrine,
And amaz'd to conceive, what might be the design:
He dissolv'd the contract (since they cou'd not agree)
And grew as morose, and as stubborn as he,

Abandon'd:

Abandon'd his company, treating with Scorns,
The Villain that made such ungrateful returns;
Resolving from that very time to cashiet him,
Protesting he'd neither come nigh him, nor hear him.
In a few days the former was drove to a strait
And with many distressing calamities met:
His sorrows, and losses, did daily increase:
Not knowing which way to get out of distress,
He was forc'd to position, that person once more.
For aid, whom he'd lately affronted before;
Contriving soft Language, and formal pretences
To excuse the mistake, of his former offences.
But all wou'd not do, (notwithstanding his tears)
The other was deaf to his cries and his prayr's.
No artful Oration, cou'd twine him or twist him,
To lend him his Council, or Aid to assist him.
He had mortgag'd his honour, and broken his Trust,
And he that's once treach'rous can never be just:
Thus left in distress in the midst of distractions,
A proper reward for his villanous actions.

## *The MORAL.*

THe variance that (seas'nably) chanc'd to commence,
'Twixt the Tyrant of *France* and the *Portugal* Prince:
The discord that did so confus'dly arise
Has prov'd advantagious to all the Allies.
And we hope 'twill prove fatal before the War's done
If they're able to finish the work the've begun.
There is nothing cou'd more for our int'rest advance

Not

Nor no greater loss to the Kingdom of *France*.
We shall find the relish of so sweet a remedy
And as for the *Tyrant* he's [illegible] already.
He's imploy'd some by *France*, who with cunning and
Have strove with their [illegible] [illegible] (pain
But the Warr does with such a fair prospect appear
That I think we have little occasion to fear.
The Monster must never pretend to implore
The assistance of those that have known him before,
His treacherous dealings make all men afraid,
They know if they trust him they're surely betray'd.
For once he may chance to impose a device,
But they're Madmen, and Fools, that will credit him twice:
In short he's in [illegible], and cry for assistance,
To his Neighbours; but all people stand at a distance:
He dare not look up to the heavenly sphere,
For he knows there is none will deliver him there,
In those happy Regions he's got such a score
And gall'd 'em so often they'l trust him no more,
He may cry to Queen *Mary*, and vent his complaints,
(With an earnest intent) to the rest of the Saints,
He may make long Petitions, but 'tis to be fear'd,
They'l be so far from being answer'd, they'l hardly be heard.
He may live, (as he's hitherto done) in disgrace,
In distraction of Soul, and confusion of face:
He's nothing to trust to, nor nothing to hope,
But what he receives from th' Apostate — the Pope.
The *Portuguese* know him too well to believe him,
And all his adherents at this time deceive him.

# FABLE XIX.

## *The Faithful Neighbour.*

A Gentleman being deprivʼd of his Right,
That he had to an Estate, by a politick slight.
Notwithstanding, his Title was legal, and just
He was forc'd (being poor) to resign it for lost.
For a cunningly Knave having got the Possession,
He strove to debar him the right of Succession.
A Neighbour observing the partial design
And seeing the young man so dull, and chagrine,
Assists him with money, and aid, (as a friend)
To recover his loss, and redeem the Estate:
Informing him likewise what methods to use,
To regain what he then was so likely to lose.
The Gentleman hearing his Neighbour express
Such kindness, and being expos'd in distress:
Accepts the proposal, transported with joy,
To think he had met such a Friend by the by.
And with very small trouble his ends were procur'd
His Estate, (by th' help of Neighbour) restor'd.
For th' Usurper, not knowing what ills might attend him
Since the other had got such a man to befriend him,
Considering also, that tho' he'd engross
The power in his hands, that his Claim was unjust:
He surrender'd it, freely without more ado,
In order to shun what might after ensue.

The

The Gentleman having recover'd th' Estate,
And spoil'd the relish of a fabrick elate,
Rewarded his Friend for his trouble, and care,
That had kept him from sinking so low as despair.
Thus kindness with interest ought to be paid,
For he that's ungrateful is all things that's bad.

## *The MORAL.*

SHou'd the Emperour at this prefent juncture unite,
To the end of his hopes — that's a Conquest of Spain,
He must own he's obliged, to the incessant labours,
Of the *Portugal* Princess, the aid of his Neighbours.
The *English* (its true) have made many complains,
In assisting King *Charles*, in punishing Queen *Anne*,
And the *Dutch* may hereafter expects to be paid,
For their trouble, and toil, by th' advantage of Trade;
But however the *Portugal* Monarch commends,
Without the foresight of future amends.
Some people may urge 'tis his interest to choose
The Emperour's side, and the other refuse.
And oblig'd to continue the War he'as begun,
For in wishing their safety, he renders his own.
Tho' I'm apt to believe, (notwithstanding such noise)
That it is not his interest so much as his choice,
He adheres to the Emp'rour, (to make his sway greater)
Because he believes that his Cause is the better.
But be't how it will all his Neighbours declare,
And assure us he'as taken abundance of care.
The Confed'rats have found him, impartial and just,
Justicious, courageous, and true to his Trust.

His Forces have always continu'd in play,
He's gone thro' the drudgery, and been of the day,
He's been lib'ral of Pains, in expences profuse,
Still striving to thwart the designs of his Foes:
Unwearyd with toil, ( for his Temper is such, )
He has thought no attempts are uneasible too much;
Unrub'd he has hitherto closely pursu'd
The welfare of Britain, the Brethren's good;
He has never been sparing of what might advance,
To oblige the Allies, or the rain of France;
May Heaven protect him, and long bless his Name,
Inspire him with zeal, and assist him with power:
Had he join'd with the French, our Britons had been vain,
( 'Tis likely ) he had blockt up the passage to Spain;
But since he's design'd for King Charles and his Love,
By dangerous bounding to publick his Love,
May the Emperour be freed from his Brethren's blindness:
And make him some grateful recompence for his kindness.

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ÆSOP

# ÆSOP IN SAVOY.

## FABLE XX.

### *Of the Hawk, and Turtle.*

A Hawk (being hungry) soar'd up in the air,
On purpose with some other Bird, to wage War.
And spying a Turtle, disper'st from her Mate,
He fully intended to dine upon that.
The other perceiving his aim by his hurry
Made use of her Wings to escape from his fury.
Thus both were for making the best of their way,
The Dove for her safety, the Hawk for his prey.
The latter was bent on committing a rape,
The other, (poor creature) to make her escape.
But in vain she attempts to compleat her desire,
For the Enemy still drew up higher, and higher.
Her strength, and her breath, was decline'd and decay'd,
No friendly assistance to come to her aid.
No hopes by a further process, she con'd find,
Nor nothing, but Death, and destructionn behind.

Thus

Thus ready to give up her self to the foe
She happen'd to see a small Village below:
And hoping for shelter, flew in as the doves,
(Having nothing to fear since she cou'd not be worse)
Expecting more mercy from man, than she ow'd,
From a creature that liv'd upon mischief and blood:
Thus happily hobl'd the fly overreacher:
Who had lapt upon this jaws, which ignorance, [illegible] her:
Being hitch'd so strongly from that [illegible], (lest we tell you
Poor's hulk) hinder glutting his rage, nor fill belly.
The Villagers (where he had found the occasion)
That urg'd the poor Dove, being mov'd with compassion,
Preserv'd her that juncture from rumour, and pain,
And afterwards gave her, her freedom again.

## *The MORAL.*

THe great King of *France*, being surrounded about,
With distress, and not knowing which way to get out,
Has made it the chief of his care to destroy,
The power, and force, of the Duke of *Savoy*.
In hopes that his troubles on that side may cease,
And be a great means to occasion a peace.
And from thence (we may guess) he does after intend,
By fawning addresses, to make him, his friend.
But however the Duke may be drain'd in his Forces,
He's not so decay'd, to adhere to such courses.
'Tis true he has suffer'd as much, (if not more)
Affliction, than ever was heard of before.
Yet tho' his Dominions, are sack't and pull'd down,
His Virtue, and Courage, continue his own.

He'as

He's hitherto struggl'd with all sorts of ills;
A merciless Ellemy still on his back.
The force of his Kingdom, divided, and rent,
His Towns have been beaten'd his Subsidies spent:
But howeuer the loss of this War may inflict him,
It will not be so hateful, (we hope) to distract him.
If he joyns or consents to the Tyrant's proposal,
Instead of preserving his Rights, he may lose all;
Tho' in practice, he is of the self same profession,
He'll find more respect, from a diff'rent persuasion.
The *English*, the *Dutch*, and the *Germans*, advance,
Very fair, for the utter destruction of *France*.
If they meet success, he will find 'em so just,
They'l restore ev'ry title of what he has lost:
But if he shou'd make an attempt, or indeavour,
To agree with the Tyrant he's ruind for ever.

# FABLE XXI.

## *The Libertine.*

A Prodigal Spark having got the remains,
Of his Ancestors Revenues into his hands,
Grew wild, and profuse, (as they gen'rally do,
Indulging those Vices, they ought to eschew.)
For the reins being loos'd he run on in excess,
Forgetting such courses, conclude in distress,
No counsel cou'd curb his impertinent passions,
No eloquence mod'rate, his vile inclinations.
Some Parasites striving to serve their own ends,
Wou'd flatter him in hopes to be censur'd his friends:

Extoll'd

Extoll'd him for wit, and their talents imploy'd
To praise him for virtues, he never enjoy'd.
Commending his dress, his obliging behaviour,
Expecting by this means, to crop him favour.
The Bubble puff up with a partial conceit,
By being shower'd in his temper, discreet:
Rewarded those Sycophantic Knaves, (who had fawn'd,)
For giving him Titles he never deserv'd:
Returning 'em thanks for their love, and rather'd
Their kindness with lav'sh, as free as a Lord.
Thus as long as his temper so gen'rous remain'd,
He'd a handsome of *such humble Slaves as constrained*,
Who made it their business, to flow and adore him;
To colour the formal affections they bore him.
Thus prompted the Spark to excessive expences,
To make 'em returns for their partial pretences.
Insomuch that he quickly run out his Estate,
And drew on himself an inevitable fate.
As soon as these vicious abettors espy'd,
His mis'ry, they laid all their kindness aside.
Seem'd shy of their old loving friend, (being poor)
And frown'd on the man they had rev'rence'd before.
Forgetting the favours, he'd formerly shown,
Declining his welfare to river their own.
Thus left him to struggle with shame, and disgrace,
Refusing to help, or to pity his case.
They had pump't him quite dry; so they thought' was (high time,
To seek for self int'rest in some other clime.
Denying that ever they'd been his acquaintance,
And left him confus'd, in distress, and repentance.

No

No matter for th ills he might meet or indure,
His safety was nothing, so theirs was secure.
Thus the Sot was abandon'd in mis'ry, and sadness,
To mourn, and condole his past folly and madness.

## *The* MORAL.

When a person is prosp'rous, what favour he finds,
From his Neighbours, what kindness and lov
( from his friends.
There is nothing too precious, there's nothing too dear,
No trouble (for such men) does tedious appear.
He's respected and honour'd by those that pass by him,
And all sorts of people are pleas'd to live nigh him.
He's blest let him go where he will, for he meets,
With submission at home, and huzza's from the streets.
But let a harsh fate his affliction denounce,
And their noisy applause are silenc'd at once.
His Neighbours will shun him as much as they can,
*He's quite out of date; he's an unhappy man.*
No striving when once in distress, who shall please him,
But they'l hang down their heads and reflect as they pass
There's but little assistance in poverty found, ( him.
If he staggers or reels, let him go to the ground.
His most humble Servants will soon change their note,
His kindness, and favours, are past, and forgot:
His suff'rings they'l ridicule, scorn, and divide,
Thus Friendship's not manifest, till it is try'd.
Thus 'tis with the Duke of *Savoy*, he's distrest,
And now the Confed'rates are put to the test.

He has bore the refuse of an angry Fate;
His afflictions are many, his losses are great.
His Country disorder'd, his Forces decay'd:
Yet still (like a Champion) he holds up his head.
The Queen of great *Britain* has made it her care,
To keep him from sorrow, distress, and despair.
Won'd the rest of th' Allies, but endeavour as much,
To save him from's Enemies, rage, and reproach;
We may easily think it won'd mo'd rate his pain,
And help to recover his losses again.
They need but consider the pains he has took
To save both himself and his friends from the yoke.
And compassion won'd move 'em to grant his request,
And not leave their partner, because he's oppress.

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# ÆSOP IN JTALY.

## FABLE XXII.

### *Of the Wolf and his Wh.——s.*

A Wolf having liv'd a long time in his Den.
Secure from the malice and fury of Men;
No force cou'd expell him, no policy catch him,
No arts cou'd intice him, no stratagem reach him;
Notwithstanding the Arts that were daily contriv'd,
To trepan him, they found they were always deceiv'd.
He wou'd lie undisturb'd in his Cell all the day,
An at night take a ramble in quest of his prey.
When the Shepherds were easing their bodies with sleep,
He was always a plund'ring, and robbing the Sheep.
Committing of rapes and creating disorder,
Maintaining his houshould by rapine and Murder,
But in process of time, ( being cripl'd with Age )
He was forc'd to decline his inveterate rage:

Desiring his Pupils to serve in his stead,
And supply the defects that his weakness deny'd,
Being able to Plunder, and Pillage, no more,
The innocent flock, as he'd done heretofore.
But upon the result when they came to the Tryal,
There was one that continu'd (perverse) in denial.
The principal Wh---l being struck with remorse,
Resolv'd to dissent from his forefathers course:
Subservient to this, he a lecture commences,
Upbraiding his Sire for his former offences;
Accus'd him with Robbery, Murder, and Guilt,
And bid him atone for his Blood he had spilt.
The decrepit old Cur being vext at his Heart,
To think that a member of his shou'd desert;
Begun in the heat of his rage (like a Tacker)
To blame his base offspring for turning a Sneaker.
Continu'd like one quite distracted to rave,
And bid the Apostate get out of the Cave.
The C---b took the warning well pleas'd, for as soon,
As the words were expresst, he was pack't up and gone
Away to the sheep, and contracted a peace,
And assur'd 'em their future disturbance shou'd cease.
Provided they'l all in a flock joyn together,
And assist him to take a revenge on his Father:
'Twas agreed on, at once, they approv'd the device,
He needed not ask the poor Sufferers, twice.
Their Sufferings had made 'em morose and chagrine,
They quickly agreed to assist his design:
Accordingly muster'd their Troops in a band,
In order to finish the matter in hand:

And

And when they had drawn 'em in battle array,
They march'd t'wards the Camp where the Enemy lay,
Surrounding the Den, and told th' old offender,
They'd starve him to Death, if he did not Surrender.
Two whelps iſſu'd out of the Cave in a hurry,
Attacking the foes in a peculiar fury.
But all was in vain they cou'd do little good,
And were forc'd to decline with the loſs of their Blood;
When th' old ravenous Curr, ſaw his Cubs, on the ground,
And no proper place for ſecurity found;
He begins with ſubmiſſion to make intercession,
And freely Surrender'd himſelf at diſcretion;
Deſiring the victor to moderate his rage,
To pity his weakneſs and ſpare his old Age.
But his Life having been by injuſtice preſerv'd,
They torrur'd and puniſh'd him as he deſerv'd.

## *The MORAL.*

WHile a party in one Solemn League does indure,
And aſſiſts one another their Cauſe is ſecure:
But if ever the knot of their friendſhip's unloos'd,
Their deſigns are diſorder'd, their Plots are confus'd.
'Tis a Maxim in War that a man ſhou'd imploy,
His Wit to divide, and his ſtrength to deſtroy:
Wherever you ſee an unhappy diviſion,
Obſerve and you'l find it will end in confuſion.
We were once in good hopes, (tho' we've now cauſe to doubt,)
That the Emprour, and Pope, won'd ha' box'd it about.
But we fear, there's ſo much intercession between,
They'l find out ſome means to unite 'em agen.

If their jars shou'd continue, ('tis censur'd by some)
That their diff'rence will shake the foundation of *Rome*.
We might then hope to see the proud City laid low,
The downfall of *Lewis*, and *Antichrist* too:
To see a blest end of our troubles and fears,
And the Monster lug'd out of his Den by the ears,
Who has always the ruin of *Martyrs* persu'd,
And thirsted to surfeit himself in their Blood:
Who has strove all the Kingdoms in *Europe* t' enslave,
Usurping an authority Christ never gave.
And now he's grown Old has employ'd a curst race,
Of *Jesuits* and Fimps to officiate in's place.
Who knows (notwithstanding, the Int'rest that's made,
To fasten the Knot, that is now half unty'd)
But the Emp'rour may still persevere, in denial,
And refuse to Conform, when he comes to the Trial.
May *Heaven* confound the Solicitors Zeal,
And keep 'em at Variance, and Difference still.
The *Pope*, has some partial Design in his Breast,
Or so much Affection, had ne'er been expreft;
He wou'd never ha've been at the Emp'rours devotion,
Had he not been in fear of some future commotion:
Like a Spaniel he fawns, looks so sharp, and so sly,
To be sure he's in Hopes, of a Bone by the by,
But may *Heaven* inspire the young Spark, to refuse,
Whatever the old grizly Bruit, shall propose.
May some dismal Consequence, seize on those Wretches,
That make it their Business, to close up their Breeches,

FABLE

# FABLE XXIII.

## *The Debauch't Drunkard.*

A Man being given to live very loosly,
Debauching his Body, and drinking profusely;
No Counsel cou'd mend him, he had such a Loathing
G'ainst all that was good, that it signifi'd nothing;
His Passions got leave of his Reason, to Reign,
That he liv'd much more like a Beast, than a Man:
Indulging his Lusts, which he ought to depress,
Delighting in all sorts of Vice, and excess;
If you strove to reform him, your Breath was but lost,
He wou'd be no more mov'd, with your Words than a Post:
For instead of endeav'ring to make you return, (Scorn.
For your Kindness, and Love, he wou'd laugh you to
Desire you to Talk, with the Man in the Moon;
And turn your Advice into Scoff, and Buffoon.
Thus he Liv'd for some time, being seldom perplexit,
Embracing this World; and forgeting the next,
Till Diseases begun to Afflict him for both,
The offences of Age, and the Sins of his youth.
His Body was Torment'd, with Ulcers, and Sores,
So he thought it was time, to abandon his Whores.
His Head with the Palsie (Oh miserable State) (that
Was fatiegu'd — he might thank his hard Drinking for.
His Limbs with the Gout, which we commonly guess,
Is the sequel to Gluttony, Lust, and excess.

His

His Carcass was Feeble, Decrepit, and Sore,
Occasion'd by th' Vices, he 'ad practis'd before; (vent,
Thus he griev'd for the Folly, Mis'ry, he cou'd not pre-
And begins his past Folly, with shame to lament.
For Drunkenness, and Whoredom (we've often been told)
Will please us when young, and perplex us when old.

## *The MORAL.*

SO averse are th' *Italians* (in general) to goodness,
That they've been the Examples, and Patterns to Lewdness:
A Sodomitical itch in their base nature, lurks;
As for Incest, and Vice, they may challenge the *Turks*.
We must search *Tarquin's* Records before we can say,
We have found out a People, as Vitious as they.
But impiety seldom from Judgment escapes, (Rapes.
They've been pretty well Punish'd, and plagu'd for their
For *Heaven's* resolv'd not to Pity, nor spare,
But Perplexes 'em now with a Troublesome War.
In the midst of the Fray, they have hitherto stood,
To expiate their Sins, at the expence of their Blood.
Their Crimes have been Heinous, their Errors Immense,
And the Punishment now, is as large as th' Offence,
Their transgressions are number'd, altho' they are past,
For Vengeance and Justice, has reach'd 'em, at last.
We may justly suppose, 'tis a Judgment upon 'em,
That *Heaven* refuses to Succour, or own 'em:
But leaves 'em confus'd in Distress, and Disorder;
Expos'd to Adversity, Rapine, and Murder,

The

The War (if it is but dissemb'l, no doubt)
Will Purge, Vex, and Scourge their injurious Lust;
Their Sins have been equal with Sodom's, and yet
Their Afflictions are suited accordingly,
Reduc'd to extremity; distress'd, left,
Of hope, both of Peace and of Plenty bereft;
Being forc'd to decline, with confusion of Face,
And Repent of their Lewdness, with Shame and Disgrace:
Thus *Heaven* by Judgments, informs the ingrown,
Tho' he often forbears; that he seldom forgives.

# FABLE XXVI.

## *Of the Doctor, and the Harlot.*

AN Impudent Jilt being seiz'd with the Phthisick,
Immediately sent for a Doctor of Physick,
To Purge her foul Carcass, of Lecherous Filth,
And promis'd him if she recover'd her Health
She'd make him amends, for his Cost, and his Trouble.
If he con'd but Revive her, his Pay shou'd be double.
The Doctor encourag'd by her liberal Motions,
Had speedy recourse to his Pills, and his Potions;
First Purge her, and Cleans'd her, in order to save
A putrif'd Carcass; from Death, and the Grave.
Us'd all the Ingredients that Art con'd afford;
That she might to her old Wicked Course, be restor'd:
But in Vain to accomplish his Ends he assays,
To stretch out her Years, or to lengthen her Days.

For the Heavens her Period of life, had decreed,
And plac'd her thro' Stands, that she could not escape;
And whatever the God's in their Wisdom ordain,
To oppose, or withstand, is absurd, and in vain:
Disappointment might vex the poor Quack in a Passion,
And puzzle his Skill, to inspire the occasion.
But his Arts and his Drugs, con'd not keep her alive,
For she con'd not her destin'd allowance survive,
Twas Folly in him, to ask wherefore, or why,
Or to say she shall Live, when Fate said she shou'd Die!

## The MORAL.

THis instant of time is conjectur'd by some,
To be pointed by Fate for the downfal of Rome:
We've oft been foretold, (if Prophets are true,)
Her destruction is nigh, and we hope 'twill be now:
Shou'd we Calculate all the predictions we've heard,
We shall find (to our Comfort) the time is expir'd.
And with reason may think (tho' we shou'd not annoy her)
That her Crimes of themselves are enough to destroy her;
Her perverting the ends of a true Christian Faith,
Is enough to provoke the Almighty to wrath.
Her errours contribute towards her undoing,
And her own very Members conspire for her ruin.
Tho' some Politicians, at present may hope,
To close up the difference 'twixt Roup'rour and Pope,
Yet if 'tis decreed that she must be reduc'd,
And distrest for her Sins, their designs are confus'd.

Omnipotence

Omnipotence will not be balk'd of his ends;
No strength can prevent what his Wisdom intends:
If he has design'd it, resistance is vain,
No courage can baffle what he does ordain.
We hope that their total confusion is near,
From the prospect we have of a prosperous War:
Their Ships pursuit a Companion, and change;
And the Blood they have spilt cries aloud for revenge;
Thus Heaven, and *England*, *ev'n Holland*, and all,
Are contriving, and plotting, for *Babylon's* fall.

# AN ENCOMIUM Upon the MEMORY Of the Late Prince of *Hess D'armstadt*.

HE's gone—— it echoes hastily in our Ears,
And fills the Heroes breast with panick fears.
See with what backwardness Fame seems to spread,
The doleful news, and sighs to say—— he's dead.
Champions themselves to hear the Tale, grow cold,
And tremble while his destiny is told.

But speak ( my Muse ) and tell what Fame deny'd;
*D'armstade* has laid Mortality aside.
The good, the great, the valiant, and the brave,
Is now intomb'd within a silent Grave.
And quietly enjoys a sweet repose,
Free from the rage and malice of his foes.

Yet tho' his Body, is in Earth confin'd,
He's left a Glorious memory behind.

A Pattern for this Age to wonder at,
And for succeeding times to imitate.
Come here ye puny Sons of War, behold,
You talk of fighting, read his Annals o'er,
Pray Heaven that you may equal his desert,
( Tho' not his fortune ) pray for such a Heart.

His brutal Enemies he bravely fought,
And from the midst of danger, Conquest brought;
And that which gives a gloss to his renown,
'Twas for his Mother's interest, not his own.
His Enemies as well as Friends, must say,
( 'Twas all free-will ) he did not fight for pay;
Heaven in him had very wisely joyn'd
A gen'rous Temper, and a constant Mind,
No Policy his Courage cou'd repell,
Baffle his Hopes, or misapply his Zeal.

*Gibraltar's* Safety's owing to his care,
He kept the dropping Souldiers from despair,
Fought like a second *Hector*, kept his post,
Preserv'd a Town, which fame gave up for lost,
His Foes of their intended project heard,
And like the moment of the Souldiers fear'd.
Drudg'd like a Hireling to secure, and keep
The Fort inuire, when others were asleep,
Provided all things useful for defence,
And working with unweary'd diligence,

With Armies with small numbers he withstood,
And purchas'd Honour with floods of Blood.
Tho' also till a Monument remains,
A lasting influence of his Care and Pains,
When Records hatch in an Infinity,
They'l praise his Prowess, and bless his Memory.

But is this all the Hero has to do,
Must all his glory here be fitted ;—No
His valiant Mind is still projecting, how
To make a point nothing Monarch bow.
Nor that he fought merely for applause,
He fix his Eyes upon the glorious Cause.
He saw his native Country in distress,
His Royal Master plagu'd with no less
He saw the sinking Stuart much declin'd,
And hate intentions by his Foes design'd.
These thoughts with great courage his bosom fill,
And boiling Courage prest'd him forward still,
Bravely to finish what he had begun,
Without propos'd, and Honour spur'd him on.

To Revolutions next his Care he steer'd,
And proper methods for the Siege prepar'd;
Whatever his Projecting Genius mov'd,
Was by his Partners, eagerly approv'd.
His Stratagems so politick appear,
He might be call'd the Pilot of the War.
Hopes of success his Breast with courage fill'd,
His Industry as much to be admir'd.
Tho' difficult the Victory might seem,
Hazards, and dangers, easy were to him.

His

His very Name affrights the Usurpine,
And damps the valour of his Enemies.

But lo! when just he had the Brunt sustain'd,
And 'ore th' ambitious Foe a Conquest gain'd.
A frowning Fate his smiling hopes betray'd,
Prevents huzza's, and struck the Hero dead:
Yet even dying, Constancy remains,
His Courage rises, as his Life declines:
While Breath remain'd he fac'd his Enemies,
And when he dy'd he fought 'em with his Eyes.

A long Farewel to one whose pious Zeal,
For *Europe's* int'rest wants a parallel.
Whose forward Temper, for his Country's good,
Commenc'd a War and seal'd it with his Blood.
Let after Ages celebrate his Fame,
Inhance his Glory, and adore his Name.
Let Heroes his undaunted Acts repeat,
Revere his Dust, and learn to imitate:
Let Sons of War their pious Incense bring,
And o'te his Ashes, *IO PÆANS* Sing.

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F I N I S.

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His very Name affrights the Europeans,
And dispeples alone of his Enemies.

Ah, oh! when shall we lead the Burgundians,
And the Angevins to the Council-Table?
Throwing Darts, and hurling Javelins,
Pierces Breasts, and cut the Heads off
Giving Confidence remaining
The Champions, as his Life demanded.
While Breath remained in Frenchmen,
And when he died by Angels was held.

A Long Funeral was the Pomp
For the departed Champion
Which I swear I
[illegible] Blood.
A [illegible] adore his
Across his [illegible] A Corpse
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]